The World

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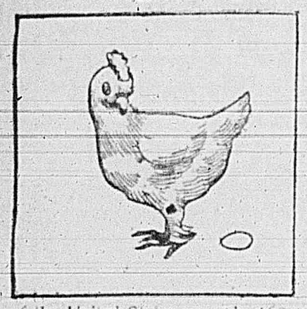
NEW YORK AS A FARM.



Greater New York has a land area of 309 square miles, of which the Borough of Manhattan has 22, the Bronx 40, Staten Island 57, Brooklyn 66 and Queens 124.

Of this area less than 50 square miles are covered with buildings and less than ten miles are used for streets and roads. That leaves 250 miles available for agricultural purposes. There are 640 acres in a square mile. The homestead farms of the United States are only 160 acres.

The work of the experiment stations maintained by the United States and the different States proves the great possibilities of New York City as a colossal farm. The Cornell Agricultural College has demonstrated the feasibility of raising a great part of New York's food supply—indeed the whole of many staple articles—on the present unoccupied land within the city limits—that is, if the land were farmed scientifically.

The present daily egg consumption is 11,000 cases of 360 eggs each. Champion hens have laid as high as 253 eggs in one year. A fair average hen should lay eleven dozen eggs. At this rate it would require 10,000,000 hens to lay New York's eggs.

One thousand hens can be kept on an acre by alternating with quick-growing green crops like rape, rye and oats. Since there are 43,560 square feet in an acre, this would give every hen a 6x7 scratching plot.

To keep these hens on this system would require only 10,000 acres, or 15 square miles, less than one-third of the not-built-up area of Staten Island.

New York is now consuming daily 333,680 gallons of milk and 15,060 gallons of cream. A high-grade cow produces an average of four or five gallons of milk a day. Ordinary scrub cows yield about half this. By using exclusively high-grade Jerseys and Holsteins, 85,000 cows would furnish all the milk and cream New York City uses.

Under the soiling system an acre of ground will keep a cow except for the concentrates. One farmer in Pennsylvania has succeeded in keeping 26 cows on 17 acres. At this rate the unbuilt-up area of Brooklyn alone would keep all these cows.

Potatoes and onions are two staple vegetables of which New York uses a large quantity. With improved cultivation and judicious fertilizing 500 bushels of onions or 300 bushels of potatoes can be raised to one acre. A bushel of potatoes and onions a month is plenty for any family. That would require for everybody in New York 800,000 bushels a month or 10,000,000 bushels a year, which could be raised on the present area of the Bronx.

Roasting ears are a favorite New York dish. An acre of ground will grow 4,900 hills of corn, which should average five or six roasting ears to the hill. Thus an area a little larger than Central Park would produce enough roasting ears to give every man, woman and child in Greater New York one ear a week for twelve weeks.

The area of Governor's Island is 65 acres, only a fractional part of which is occupied by the old fort, the officers' houses and the barracks. Cucumbers are a prolific vegetable, one vine sometimes producing 70 or 80 cucumbers. Governor's Island, fully utilized for this purpose, would produce enough cucumbers to supply all New York.

That leaves the unoccupied land in Queens Borough, the largest of the five, available for other crops. It is doubtful whether the unused area in Queens is sufficient to keep the cows to produce New York's butter. It takes about two gallons of milk to furnish the cream to make one pound of butter. The butter consumption of New York is heavy, and even by using its agricultural possibilities to the utmost the butter would have to be got elsewhere.

So with the wheat. It takes a great deal of land to raise wheat. While one acre has been induced to produce over 200 bushels of corn, it is a remarkable acre which will grow over 50 bushels of wheat, and the average of the wheat acres of the United States is less than 20 bushels. For its bread New York would therefore be dependent upon the rest of the United States, as it is now.

It may be objected to this mathematical demonstration, taken from the agricultural stations' official reports, that a good part of this unbuilt-up land area is swamp. No better ground could be found for raising ducks. And while ducks are not as productive of eggs as hens, they are very edible, and the marsh lands of Brooklyn and Queens County are ample to produce enough ducks to give every man, woman and child in Greater New York all the duck they can eat on every holiday in the year.

"Poor Polly!"

By J. Campbell Cory.

Murphy—"And you said that!"

THE MEN IN THE NEWS—Straight Talks to Them—By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

A Few Words of Hope to the Down-and-Out Klondiker Who, to Spite a Sweetheart, Cornered the Egg Market.

DEAR "SWIFTWATER BILL" GATES—So you're down and out—flat broke—say sad despatches from Seattle. You, the man who cornered all the eggs in the Klondike at $1 apiece that the sweetheart who had spurned you might not have any for breakfast, are perhaps wondering where your own breakfast is to come from.

Yours was a distinctly masculine revenge, Bill.

I am afraid going without her favorite breakfast wouldn't worry the most material woman over much. Now, if you had cornered the face powder, or the eyebrow blacking, or any thing of that kind, you might have brought the lady to humility very quickly. But eggs don't mean so much to us, and if the girl told you how to make a skiddoo pudding with your dearly bought monopoly she could be forgiven everything except the old gag.

What did you do with the eggs, anyway? If they are still stored in the frozen North they must be in a fair state of preservation and refrigeration, and you may be able to recoup your fallen fortunes by shipping them to New York as "fresh laid for invalids." I'm sure we have eaten lots worse, and the mere fact that they came from Alaska would be a reassurance and a guarantee.

Whatever you do with the eggs, Bill, and whatever the girl did to you, cheer up!

Realize in the midst of your depression that nothing in this world is final; no failure, no rout, complete.

There is no emergency that coolness and nerve cannot master; no difficulty endurance will not surmount.

It's hard to see the cloud's silver lining when you haven't even a copper in your pocket, to realize the darkest hour comes before the light when the sun takes three months or so to rise.

But, having lived in a land of slow dawns and lingering twilights, you must know, nevertheless, that it is so.

Though you have lost everything, you have lost nothing provided you have kept your "nerve."

Possibly the waters you have travelled were too swift for you, "Swiftwater Bill." Let your bark rest awhile in some quiet inlet, where the high tides of life never reach, which, of course, is only a rather ambitious way of telling you to take things easy for a while.

Of course, you can't afford to loaf, but you can vegetate—sleep and eat and work, work and eat and sleep—the most recuperative programme a tired man can follow.

And soon you'll be cornering new health and purpose and ambition, as you cornered the eggs of Dawson in your Klondike days.

Odd Facts.

TWENTY-THREE hundred million bushels of wheat are required annually by the 517,000,000 bread eaters of the world.

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In London, according to the latest statistics, there is only one telephone for every sixty families. In New York there is one for twelve; in Boston, one for six; in San Francisco, before the disaster, one for four.

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The smallest British possession is Gibraltar, with an area of two square miles. The largest is the Northwest Territory, in North America, with an area of 2,551,327 square miles. Its most populous dependency is India, with its 294,200,256 people; while Ascension, in Africa, with only 380 inhabitants, is the least populous.

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It is stated that there are about 225,000 miles of cable in all at the bottom of the sea. Each mile costs about $1,000 to lay.

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In Australia there are 210 churches to every 100,000 people, a larger number in proportion than in any other country. England has 141, and Russia about 55.

Stop Laughing!

"Here, waiter, this beef is fierce. It isn't fit for a dog to eat."

"Then don't eat it."—Cleveland Press.

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Ethel—What a finely chiseled mouth you have! It ought to be on a girl's face.

Jack—Well, I seldom miss an opportunity.—Illustrated Bits.

• • •

Blanc—I met a woman named Noir the other day and wondered whether she was your wife. I don't know Mme. Noir. What is she like?

Noir—She's a woman of fifty who does not look more than forty, imagines she's only thirty, dresses as if she were twenty and talks as if she were ten.—Pele Mele.

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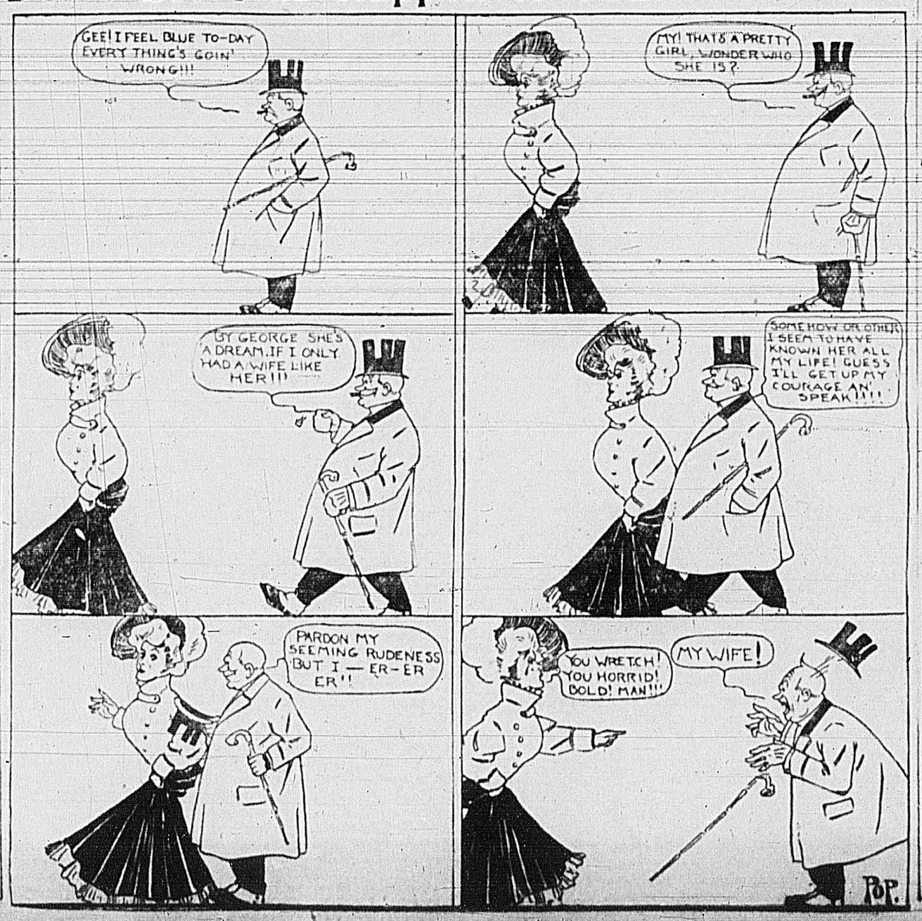
When a young widow tells a man that she has never been kissed before—well, that certainly is the limit.—Chicago News.

Don't Let This Happen to You! By "Pop."



The FIFTY GREATEST EVENTS in HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 40.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. (Part II.—The Conquering of Europe.)

FOR the son of a Corsican lawyer to plan a world-empire, nowadays, would be sheer insanity. But in Napoleon Bonaparte's time and country almost anything was possible to the man who knew how to use his chances. Tavern-waiters became field marshals, servants rose to be dukes. For the first time in France's history it was the Man, not his ancestry, that counted. Bonaparte, being the greatest genius in France, rose highest in the mighty upheaval that followed the overthrow of old customs. Having, as First Consul, set matters to rights at home, he drew his sword against all Europe. Heretofore long, time-wasting campaigns and acres of red tape had marked every war. Bonaparte changed all this. Whirlwind campaigns and defiance of all outworn military traditions formed the keynote of his warfare. On May 13, 1800, he hurried an army across the Alps, captured Piedmont by a brilliant victory over the Austrians at Marengo, June 14, and dictated peace terms to Austria. Other countries, scared by the example, followed suit, and, for the first time in many years, universal peace seemed established all over the civilized world.

Meantime, in France, Bonaparte was forwarding his personal ambitions to such good effect that, when the project of crowning him Emperor of the French was broached, it was carried by a popular vote of 3,000,000 to 3,000. He sent for Pope Pius VII. to crown him at Paris amid imposing ceremonies, Dec. 2, 1804, but at the last moment he snatched the imperial diadem from the Pope's hands and crowned himself. He then placed the crown on the head of Josephine, his wife. The following year he became King of Italy as well.

The Great Transformation.

And now came a change of character so remarkable as to support the old rumor that Bonaparte the General and Napoleon the Emperor were two different men. From being shy, lean and silent, Napoleon grew assertive, fat, talkative. The rigid, temperate simplicity of early days gave way to court etiquette, pomp and imperial splendor. His court was brilliant and extravagant. The nobility of the old days would not frequent it, so the Emperor formed a new nobility, made up largely of men who, like himself, had risen from obscurity by their own merits. Former innkeepers, workingmen, soldiers, sailors, fishermen, tradesfolk, market women and laundresses lorded it in gorgeous finery and high-sounding titles. Many of these new-made nobles took their titles from territories captured by Napoleon. One of the "mushroom aristocracy," the Duke of Dantzig (formerly a common soldier), when questioned as to his ancestry, exclaimed: "Any one can be a descendant. I am an ancestor!"

England, resenting certain of France's annexations, declared war, and Napoleon prepared to invade Great Britain. But Russia, Austria and Sweden formed an alliance with England and the plan was changed. Napoleon, with 180,000 men, crossed Bavaria, took Vienna and met the combined Austrian and Russian armies at Austerlitz. Each of the three armies was commanded by an emperor. After a long and bloody battle Napoleon defeated the allies with fearful loss. He then thrashed Prussia at Jena and Auerstadt and captured Berlin. Russia's army was marching to Prussia's aid, but Napoleon met and overwhelmed it at Friedland, June 14, 1807, and forced the Czar to sue for peace. He next conquered Spain and Portugal, and extended his conquests throughout the continent of Europe. He made his brother King of Spain and his brother-in-law King of Naples, and lavished similar royal honors on others of his family.

Spain, dissatisfied that a low-born Corsican should rule it, revolted. England and Portugal allied themselves with the Spaniards and the "War of the Peninsula" began; the English army being commanded by Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterward Duke of Wellington. Austria took this time to rise against Napoleon. The Emperor hurried an army across the frontier and inflicted a crushing defeat on the Austrian host at Wagram, July 6, 1809, and dictated humiliating terms of peace to the beaten country. Nearly all the world was now at the Corsican genius's feet.

Yet he was far from satisfied. He saw that he held his sovereignty through sheer strength; Austria's action had taught him that the instant his back was turned the beaten nations would spring at him like wild animals at their trainer. He knew that, even while kings and countries cringed to him, they secretly despised him as an upstart. Only so long as he could overawe foes by active, aggressive power could he hope to retain his mastery. The least slip on his part and the world-empire he was building up must tumble about his ears. His own unaided genius alone stood between him and destruction. And that genius bade him fortify his power by outside means.

Alone Against All Europe.

He had no son to inherit his title. Moreover, he now saw his boyish mistake in having married a stupid woman of the people. He had long since outgrown his early adoration for the fickle Josephine. He calmly proceeded to divorce her, and on March 11, 1810, he married the Archduchess Marie Louise, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. The proud Austrian monarch had no choice but to submit and to sell his daughter for the sake of his country's welfare. Marie Louise cared nothing for her imperial bridegroom, and in his later days of adversity promptly deserted him. They had one son, who, while in his cradle, was proclaimed King of Rome. This son died of consumption at twenty-one.

The years 1810 and 1811 marked the flood tide of Napoleon's prosperity. His dominions extended from Naples to Denmark. He was proclaimed ruler of Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Holland and most of the German States. Russia, Austria and other nations were at his feet. England alone held out against him. Never before or since has such tremendous authority been vested in one man.

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

By Martin Green.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that one of the medical experts in the Brouwer case testified that a short time after a man takes a dose of arsenic he begins to feel uneasy."

"But," cautioned the Man Higher Up, "you must remember that the 'M. D.' was on oath. In casual conversation a medical expert is as likely to say that soon after a man has successfully absorbed a dose of arsenic he manifests a disposition to attend a musical comedy, thereby hastening his finish. The testimony of a medical expert in a murder trial depends entirely on which side bears the other to him.

"Experts have been known to go where the big money went. In my time I have heard an eminent and erudite practitioner, who has devoted his life to looking into defective mental machinery, give his solemn opinion that a certain party's intellect had telescoped itself and was about as useful as an omelet. A few weeks later this same eminent practitioner, having seen a great yellow light, such as is usually associated with bills of large denomination, reversed himself without the use of either sand or a net, and as solemnly opined that the aforesaid certain party had a brain that Thomas A. Edison, Theodore Roosevelt or J. Pierpont Morgan would be glad to trade for.

"Distinguished authorities agree that everybody is more or less nutty, and any professional expert can prove it. They've framed up so many symptoms that if a man falls under suspicion and it is to anybody's object to establish that he wears an ossification under his hat alienists can be hired to do the job at so much per day.

"Do you invariably pay five cents for your street car fare or 'L' ticket? Do you make a practice of putting on your shirt before you put on your vest? When you look out of a window in your office, do you always see the same building across the street? Have you ever thought about what you would do if you had a million dollars? Do you puzzle yourself over the way Chinese laundrymen keep track of the things they are supposed to wash? Do you make faces at yourself when you shave? You do? Then you have dinosauri in your dome. Your think-tank needs soldering. Without any trouble at all you can get an alienist to make affidavit to it for $25."

"Is there no hope?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"Oh, yes," replied the Man Higher Up. "You can get another alienist to veto the first one for $50."

Letters from the People.

To Change Yards to Metres.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will some mathematicians discuss this? I would like a simple rule for the quickest, best way to change French metres to English yards—example, 8.9 mts., how many yards? E. L.

Edgewater, N. J.

Private Use of Public Autos.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Regarding the article in your paper relative to the city officials utilizing (for their private use nights and Sundays) automobiles furnished them by the city, I would suggest that all automobiles and vehicles of any kind owned by the city be painted some color which would make them known as belonging to the city and also have painted on them the words: "City of New York, Borough of —, Dept. of —." Don't you think this would stop the abuse? AMERICA.

Another "Half" Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If a cat and a half can kill a rat and a half in a day and a half, how long will it take a hundred cats to kill a hundred rats, readers?

LOVER OF PROBLEMS.

Scores New Yorkers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The people in this city always keep to themselves, seldom knowing true courtesy when they see it. They are also unsociable and it is very hard for an outsider to make friends unless he forces the acquaintance, as New Yorkers are clannish. And if you do not force the acquaintance then they keep away from you or even take a dislike to you without being known to you. Perhaps it is because everybody seems to be in a hurry that Gothamites forget manners. The railroad companies take advantage of this, making strap-hangers, ignoring the law and not respecting people. Of course, I speak of the majority, but some New York people are not of this kind. JOHN WILSON.

Cruelty to Animals.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In passing along One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street the other day I noticed a poor, suffering cat, whose limbs were badly lacerated, lying on a piece of lawn. A newsboy informed me that it had been run over in the subway the day before and was thrown there to die. Scores of people had passed this corner. Many noticed the cat, then passed on. An officer who was on the opposite side would not help me in this matter, for he could not cross the street (duty-bound). I then sought a laborer, who brought the cat across the street to put in a barrel of water. Had it not been for me the cat would probably have lingered another twenty-four hours before death. A. R.

He Wants a Good Housekeeper.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I thoroughly agree with "Englishwoman." We men do not marry women for their good looks, their ability in stenography and their piano playing. When a man thinks it is about time he got married he begins to save his money. He looks upon married life as an economical life. For my part, I would rather marry a girl who knows how to make a good dinner, keep my shirts patched nicely and make home a "cozy corner" to keep me indoors than marry a girl who has nothing but good looks to give me. I would like to ask the young men readers how many of them would marry an efficient typewriter or an accomplished piano player, rather than a good housekeeper?

L. A. M.

TWO-MINUTE TALKS WITH NEW YORKERS.

By T. O. McGill.

"ONE of the things a man learns when he gets to the stage of life where he has contracted to be a meal ticket for some one else is to keep his temper in control," said Fred Johnson yesterday.

Johnson is a New Yorker who was born down near the Five Points, and has worked his way up to a home on West End avenue.

"What's the point of the argument?" we asked.

"An incident that occurred the other day makes the point. A young friend of mine who has a wife and a couple of children has been very much 'up against it' for a long time.

"He was going downtown one morning on his daily search for work, and in the Subway got into a crowded car.

"He started to make his way back to the end of the car where there was more room, and bumped against a short, blue-eyed man with a nervous temper.

"What was said was not pleasant and one word brought on another. First thing you know, my young friend reached out and handed the little man a sound slap on the face.

"That morning an acquaintance met the work-seeker and told him that Mr. J—— B—— needed a good man to take charge of his correspondence room. This acquaintance had highly recommended my young friend, and the latter was to go and see J—— B—— at once.

"My friend went directly to the address, full of hope and thinking of the $30 a week the job paid.

"He presented his card to the boy and was shown into the private office of Mr. J—— B——. There he found—the man he had slapped in the car in the early morning.

"J—— B—— looked at the young man coldly and said he 'guessed they didn't want to talk any business.'

"The slap was hardly worth that; and would not have happened if my young friend had kept his temper in control.